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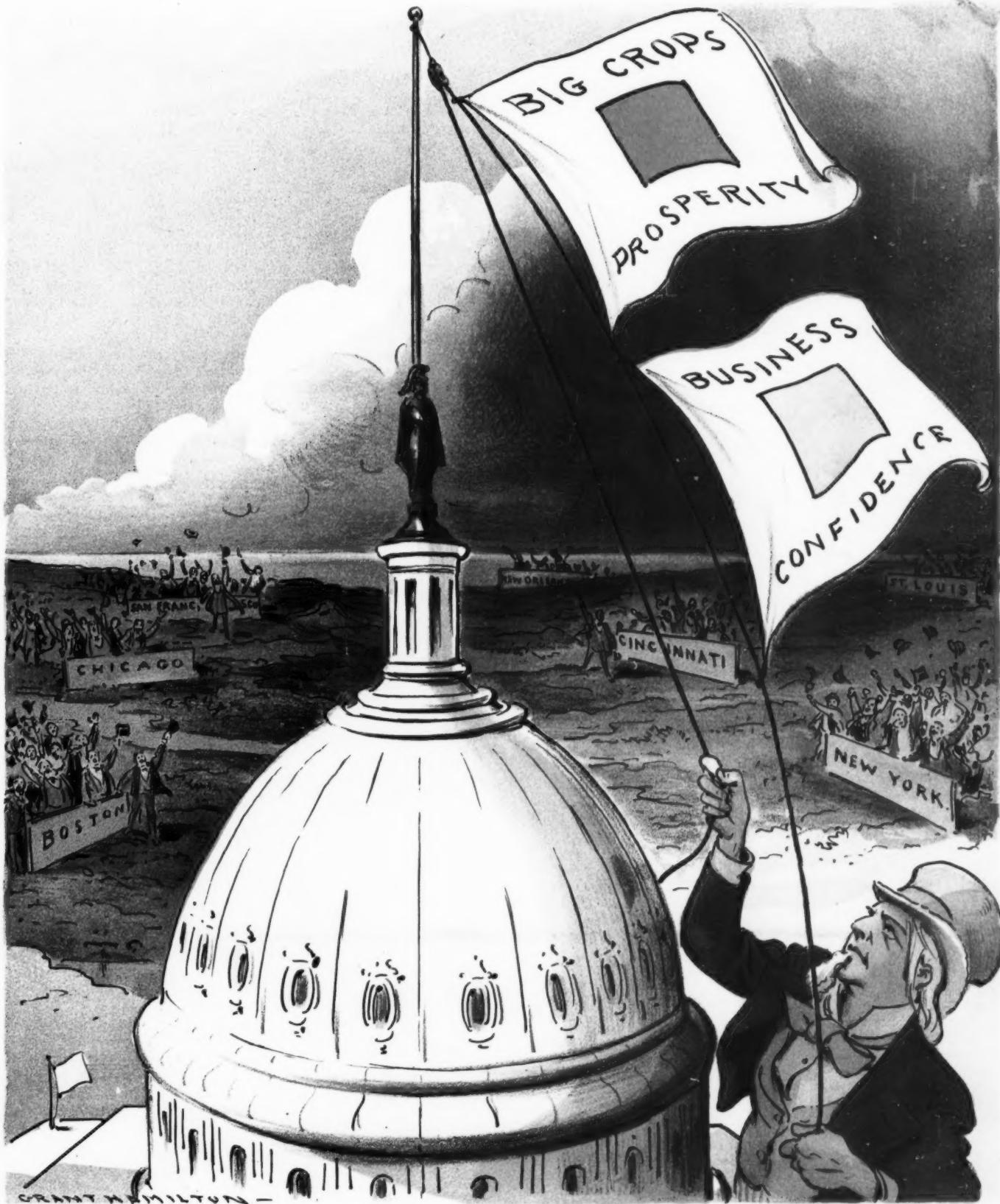
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Puck

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SETTING THE SIGNALS.



PUCK

Edited by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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IT is all over, even to the shouting, and the probable has happened. It is not the first time in the world's history that the foreordained event has come about. Theodore Roosevelt this morning is aware of the thing that has been coming down to him through all the ages, and Judge Parker enjoys the same favor through the will of the people, before which all men nowadays must bend. PUCK cordially congratulates the winner. The office of President of the United States is a pretty high one—higher not only than most but higher than any that we wot of. The Sultan of Turkey backed up by the Bosphorus, can undoubtedly do more things of a questionable kind than the President of this Nation, who has only the sluggish Potomac back of him, but that does not make him a mightier personage in the realm of government. The Czar of Russia, autocrat as he is said to be, is a very slave to duty, as duty is imposed upon him by the oligarchy now hastening to its ruin via Tokio, as compared to the Constitutionally limited President of these United States. The Emperor of Germany, God-given ruler though he seems to be, has a less assurance of real power back of him than has this splendid man, who has been chosen by a nation of nigh 100,000,000 people to take charge of their interests for four years to come after March 4th, next. By the very system that our wise forefathers devised, no President of the United States can ever become a mere figurehead designed to maintain a front in the face of some enemy, open or otherwise, in the criticism of peace or in the conflict of arms, hence it is proper to say that the President of the United States has more actual power at his elbow than the King of Britain or the Emperor of Ind. Indeed, no King, Emperor or Ruler of other climes possesses as his divine right the power that is vested by their voice in this servant of the people now chosen, and that he has been found worthy by his fellow-citizens to sustain the responsibilities of his exalted office is a matter upon which he should prayerfully congratulate himself—prayerfully because his trust is so great a one, prayerfully lest in his very possession of power he go too far. The confidence of more than half the citizenship of his country is a great prize to be won. The announced opposition of a little less than half the citizenship of his country is an opposition not lightly to be despised. The President of this republic may hold in high esteem the confidence of his party, but he may not neglect the potential force of the opposition. If he fail in the latter respect he is lost to the regard of history.

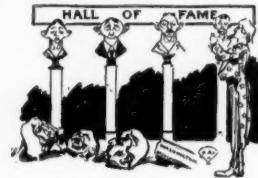
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IF TRADITION or respect to one's solemnly given word of honor amounts to anything the President-elect will regard his term of office beginning March 4th, 1905, as his sole opportunity, consequently the Nation expects just a little more in the way of statecraft and a little less in the way of politics from the man chosen yesterday than it might have expected if tradition and promise amounted to nothing. The country has a right from this time forward until March 4th, 1909, to expect the unselfish performance of his duties by the President of the United States. No allurements of office to be held subsequent to that date should be permitted to interfere with the solemn performance of the duties devolving upon the Presidency. Tradition and promise—one or the other—forbid the use of the Executive power for the promotion of the further political ambition

of the elect, and since judged by all standards of honor and decency in his past record, no one can properly charge the President-elect with a truculent disregard of the proprieties, it is fair to assume that we shall now enjoy a period of honest service from our Chief Magistrate with an utter disregard of mere political expedient.

* * *

SINCE OUR LAST WRITING Father Knickerbocker has come into the possession of a new toy. It is called the Subway and a particularly nice sort of plaything it is. We do not wonder that all the members of the Knickerbocker family are down on their knees playing with it. To be whirled from Harlem to the City Hall in fifteen minutes imparts to the whirled a most joyous sensation, and for those who prefer a slower gait there is much delight in the alternate process of burrowing one's way from up to down town beneath the cellars of *hoi polloi*. To feel that one is resting beneath that massive tower, the new *Times* Building, in which so much true wisdom dwells, is terrifying to a highly titillating degree. To know that one is being carried at break-neck speed along the basic lines of Park Avenue, with the dwellings of millionaires likely to slide in on top of one at any minute, is breathlessly pleasurable. To approach the City Hall, passing meanwhile almost directly under Tammany, imparts to the traveller a high-keyed but delicious apprehension of possible contact with those underground wires that are supposed to connect the two, and when, as one speeds along, one reflects that the Subway is the only place in creation where one can be run over by an automobile and not mind it at all, the sensation reaches indescribable proportions. Hence, PUCK proposes a toast to the Subway and to those who have made it. It is a delight, a joy forever, and considering its newness, it runs with surprising smoothness. If Mr. Brunel was entitled to a brass monument for building the Thames Embankment at London, surely Mr. Barclay Parsons should be similarly honored for a still greater achievement at New York. If we are too poor to erect an entirely new one, let us put a new head on the Cox statue at Astor Place, modeled after the modest lineaments of this engineer who has done so much for us, and in thus honoring him show our appreciation of his labors in enabling an uptown business man, in this constantly lengthening city, to get down town to his office in time to catch a comparatively early train home at night.



A WEEK or more ago, when the Presidential Campaign was at its height, several of our leading metropolitan journals devoted from two to four columns each to acquainting the public with the alleged fact that a certain lady had left a husband named Foxhall or Bramhall Keene—maybe it was Vauxhall Keene—the name does n't particularly matter. It made no particular impression upon us at the moment. What did interest us was to know why the Editors of these newspapers thought the family troubles of Mr. Voxhurst Skeene would interest the public. We have searched the Declaration of Independence from top to bottom and the name of Stocksport Bean reveals itself nowhere among the signers. For all that he mentions him in his history Bancroft never heard of Mr. Dachshund Spleen. Ditto McMaster, likewise Peter Parley. The gentleman is not mentioned among the Discoverers of America, from Columbus down to Andrew Carnegie, and we do not find anything even remotely resembling his name among the Sons, Grandsons, Nephews or Hired Men of the Revolution. Application at the *Journal* office fails to disclose the fact that any one of the name of Greene, with any kind of a Hall, Fox, Vaux, Bram or Tammany before it is running for office anywhere, and when we asked the Editor of the *Evening Post* what there was against the man he said he did n't know. If this does n't prove the man unknown we don't know what does, and if he is unknown what difference does it make to the public whether his wife leaves him or not? We do not mind a lot of the so-called society news in the papers. We are glad to hear it when Mrs. Willie Wandergould gives a little dinner of ten covers to her ex-husbands, and when the Associated Press telegraphs the news all over the country that Mrs. Astor wore a green panne velvet watteau front at last night's performance of "Parsifal" we are properly impressed; but a three-column announcement of the private squabbles of Mr. and Mrs. Thatsall Nobody, fills our souls with rebellion and we think it is time to protest. If it is to become the fashion to herald the family business of the nobodies of the land, let us announce the good news as well as the bad. Two columns descriptive of the nuptials of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith of Hohokus are about due.





ELECTORAL COLLEGE FRESHIES CAPTURE WASHINGTON

Rah-Rah Boys Class of 1904-5 arrive at the Capital and Tear Things up a Few—Police Quell a Disturbance at the Columbia Theater and Stop a Parade—Banquet of the Alumni Association and Address of the College President—Theodore Roosevelt the Favorite for Captain of the Varsity Football Team.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—The Freshmen Class of the Electoral College came in this evening, and took possession of the town.

They still have it.

Old-timers who have watched freshmen classes for forty years back say that the Class of 1904-5 is the liveliest bunch of boys that ever struck the Electoral campus.

New York sends the largest number of students—36; but Pennsylvania is a close second with 34, and Illinois contributes 27. Every state in the Union is represented, which is more than any other college can boast, and no State sends less than three.

The boys are all over the lot to-night. One meets them everywhere, and can spot them at once by the society pin, which is either an Elephant or a Donkey. This year the Greek letter fraternities are the Tau Rho's and the Alpha Beta Pi's. The T. R.'s seem to be in the majority.

As usual the students encamped in all the principal rathskellers and theaters, which they edited after their own notions. The liveliest incident is reported from the Columbia, where the performance of "The Prince and the Toad" was broken up by a bunch of collegians from Massachusetts and Connecticut—the same, it is believed, that daubed green paint on the steps of the capitol. As Miss Polly Pinktoes tripped footlightswards to warble her famous *chanson*, "Mother, I Long for Thee," the leader of the Rah-Rah boys, a fellow named Robinson, stood up in his seat and waved his hands, and the pack yipped out the Electoral College yell:

CO-AX, CO-AX, CO-AX,
ROOTITI-TOOT-TOOT-TOOT, ROOTITI-TOOT-TOOT-
TOOT,
WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, GRANT; WASHINGTON,
LINCOLN, GRANT,
OLD HICKORY-HIC-HIC-HIC, OLD HICKORY-HIC-
HIC-HIC,
SO BOSS, SO BOSS, SO BOSS,
RAH-RAH-RAH, RAH-RAH-RAH,
WHEE-E-E-E!

A reign of terror and vegetables followed the vocal output, and it became necessary to call in the

police to quell the disturbance. The bluecoats removed the exuberant Freshies to the Thirty-ninth Precinct Police Station, and turned them over to Matron O'Grady, the College Widow.

Another hurry-up call for the police grew out of a parade of Western freshmen up Pennsylvania Avenue. They were clad in nightshirts made from campaign banners and were singing a rowdy song about Tom Taggart. The police stopped the parade and permitted the collegians to return to their hotels.

THE ALUMNI BANQUET.

The Quadrennial Banquet of the Alumni of the Electoral College was held at the Arlington, with the usual large attendance. President John Smith of the Alumni Association, class of '48, officiated as toast-master, and called up such prominent orators and wits as George Brown of Vermont, William Robinson of Nevada, John Smith of Indiana, nephew of the distinguished President, and William Butterbaugh of Illinois. Other addresses were made by the Thirteenth Assistant Librarian of Congress, the Ninth Assistant Superintendent of the Dead Letter Office, and the Under-Secretary of the Interior. Never before has the Arlington entertained at one time so many famous citizens of this republic.

The after-dinner oratory was punctuated by the melodious outpourings of the Electoral Glee Club, which rendered "The Jackass on the Bank and the Elephant in the Pool," "Here's to Old Abe Lincoln, Drink her Down," "Our Dear Old Alma Mater," and other classics.

PRESIDENT JONES' GREAT SPEECH.

Henry Jones, President of the Electoral College, will deliver the usual address to the students tomorrow at 10 A. M. President Jones will take his

text from II. Kings, "Ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." He will speak in part as follows:

[Note to Editor: Release Jones' speech. Abstract mailed you July 10.]

"I need not remind you, gentlemen," said President Jones, "that ye are indeed the people, and that the work before you, short as is your college year, is the most important, and fraught with the most tremendous results, that confronts a freshmen class in the collegiate world. [Cheers.] Nor need I remind you of the sacred and peculiar trust reposed in you by those that have sent you here. Never, in the entire history of the Electoral College, has that trust been betrayed. [Loud applause.] Every Tau Rho will remain a Tau Rho, and every Alpha Beta Pi will be true to his fraternity pin." [Great demonstration.]

President Jones referred briefly to the failure of the many attempts to introduce co-education in the Electoral College. "Even in Colorado," he said, "where co-education has numbered its strongest adherents, the cause is flagging. We have nothing immediately to apprehend in that quarter."

Without mentioning any names the President announced a bequest to the College from a "popular millionaire," the funds to be used to purchase a new ballot box, some one having stolen the old one. Russell Sage is suspected—of being the "popular millionaire" alluded to.

Other bequests acknowledged were a Blaine memorial window and a statue of Samuel J. Tilden.

ROOSEVELT THE FAVORITE.

The big football game between the Tau Rho's and the Alpha Beta Pi's will be held in the afternoon, at 3:30. A straw vote among the fraternities to-night showed that Theodore Roosevelt was the favorite for Captain of the Varsity team.

B. L. T.



Monsieur d'en Brochette

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH THE CHEVALIER DE BRIE CONNECTS WITH WHAT WAS COMING TO HIM.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Monsieur d'en Brochette and Count of Paté de Foie Gras encounters Jules Fagot, a low-born waiter, who is personating the Duke des Pommes de Terre. The latter has been made captive by the conspirators because he refuses to join with the chiefs of France to place him on the throne. Count Robert, in unmasking Fagot, thoughtlessly appropriates the mole, the mark of identification of the real Duke, from the waiter's chin, and thus himself becomes the double of the Duke. He finds himself near the Duke's château, where he is received as the rightful owner. While there, Fagot, Isabelle, with whom d'en Brochette has fallen madly in love, and the Chevalier de Brie, a swash-buckler of considerable renown, arrive. Isabelle, at the instance of d'en Brochette, denounces Fagot as an impostor, and in the midst of the confusion attending the incident the real Duke, who has escaped from the prison, arrives and confronts the two masqueraders. A battle of wits ensues and d'en Brochette convinces the retainers that he is the true Duke. The real Duke, his face hid in the famous Iron Mask of history, is led to a donjon, and d'en Brochette, turning to greet Isabelle, finds himself confronted by De Brie.

FLUSHED with victory, insolent with success, I surveyed the Chevalier de Brie, who barred my way to Isabelle, with immeasurable, unfathomable contempt.

"*Ventre de skate!*" I cried, laying my hand upon a bell cord. "I have but to pull this, jackal, and your bones will bleach through the centuries at the bottom of the château's *oubliette*. Stand aside, hyena, or I will summon the guard."

"*Feigling!*" hissed the Captain of the Camembert Carabiniers, his face a purplish gray. "*Feigling!*"

The epithet stung me like a whiplash, all the more because 't was couched in German, a language, M'sieurs, I have detested ever since (if you will pardon the anachronism) the distressing affair of Alsace-Lorraine.

I stayed my hand for a few moments of indecision, then flung the bell-cord scornfully from me.

"No, jackal," quoth I, "I shall not summon the guard. It would be said that I feared you—you who are accounted the lustiest bravo in all France. Instead" — my words were tipped with steel — "I shall kill you with your favorite weapon. You that have lived by the sword shall perish by the sword. Follow me!"

I preceded the bravo to the small dining-room and rang for lights and food.

"My dear Chevalier," I said mockingly, and with that icy politeness which I knew so well how to assume, "when the new hour begins I shall spit you like a well-done potato. Meantime, pray accept my hospitality. We shall fight much better on a filled stomach, I assure you. If you remember, we did but come to the *entrée* when our dinner was interrupted by that unhappy man on whom the Bastille gates will soon forever close."

"*Saint Paty du Clam!*" growled De Brie cavernously, "thou art a greater villain than Fagot. He did but detain the Duke in the wine cellar of the Café de la Paix, whilst you" He drained his wine goblet at a gulp.

"A Brochette does not do things by halves, M'sieur," said I, with a glittering smile, and signed to the serving man to refill the goblets. "When once a Brochette puts his hand to the sword and his shoulder to the wheel he does not descend the ladder. What think you of that for a metaphor? Ha!"

"*Bah!*" cried De Brie, attacking a capon.

"When I have killed you and Fagot my secret will be safe," I continued. "History will pretend that the Man with the Iron Mask was Count Matthioli, or Général de Bulonde, or the Duke of Vermondois, or that soldier of fortune the gallant Marechiel, or I know not who else. But none shall penetrate his real identity until are given to the world the incomparable memoirs of Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Count Paté de Foie Gras and Marquis Presumptive of the Estates of Pollio Grille in Spain."

"*Bah!*" said De Brie, draining his glass.

"Eat, drink and be merry, my friend, for in the next hour you die!" I pointed to a Swiss clock on the wall, ticking off the inexorable minutes.

"*Bah!*" said the Carabinier again, and rose to his feet. "Come, let us to it. *Saint Dreyfus!* I shall prod thee as full of holes as a colander."

"Be seated!" I thundered. De Brie dropped back in his chair, scowling darkly. "You are but a churlish guest, *ma foi!* Restraine your temper; you will fight the better for it. And try one of these cigars; they are excellent. Not that you will not smoke in the next world," I added, maliciously. This in the days I write of was accounted a very good jest.

With an ill grace De Brie lighted a perfecto and flung himself back in his chair. "I am no entertainer, your Grace," said he, with ironic emphasis upon the title. "I am but a plain fighting man, and, 'fore gad, I fret to be at the game that I may slit thy soul."

"The soul, Chevalier, is indestructible, unslittable. Were there time," I glanced again at the clock, "I should discourse to thee about the soul. As 't is, thou 'rt in a fair way to know more about it than I can teach thee. What, ho! more lights!" I commanded. "And turn on the music."

A company of minstrels entered, and ranging themselves in a semi-circle sang songs of the merry South; and for the remainder of the hour we smoked in silence, De Brie moody, myself wholly engrossed in the music.

The Swiss clock struck the hour, and De Brie sprang to his feet. I signed to the serving men to remove the table and other furniture and then to close the doors upon us.

"Will you measure the swords, M'sieur?" said I.

De Brie drew a tape from his doublet and stretched it along his blade. "Six feet seven inches," he announced.

"*Ma foi!*" I cried; "why not carry a spear? My rapier is a scant six feet. However, 't will serve."

I unfastened my *pourpoint*, loosened my suspenders and removed my boots, De Brie following suit.

"And now, M'sieur," I remarked, testing the tip of my rapier, "is there any particular place you would like to be run through?"

"*Bah!*" growled the Chevalier, and the blades met hissing.

The Captain of the Carabiniers attacked like a she-lion bereft of its young, but finding me a wall of steel he grew more careful and attentive. For my part I had never before encountered so stubborn a blade, and I give you my word, M'sieurs, we fought an hour by the Swiss clock without either gaining the advantage of the other.

"*Saint Paty du Clam!*" puffed De Brie, leaning on his blade, "you fight like the devil, M'sieur."

"A bottle of wine, Chevalier?" I suggested. "We have all the time there is."

"No, no," replied De Brie, falling again into position. "Let us finish. *A la mort!*"

"You have some reason for your haste!" I cried, pierced by a sudden suspicion. A malignant smile traversed De Brie's coarse features as the supple blades joined.

"What devil's work is afoot?" I wondered. In my zeal politely to entertain and kill the bravo I had forgotten my beauteous mistress Isabelle, who might even now be victim of another hellish plot.

"*Jackal!*" I hissed.

"Where is Fagot?"

De Brie's reply was a fierce lunge, which I parried in my usual neat and nobby fashion.

"*Ventre de blanc mange!*" I cried. "You are in haste, M'sieur. *Tres bien*, you shall be satisfied."

I became a very whirlwind of attack, driving the bravo before me like an autumn leaf before an equinoctial gale. *A la tierce, à la carte, à la table d'hôte*, my blade forked like lightning through his guard, puncturing him now here, now there, until he streamed like the colander he vaunted he should make of me.

"They say, M'sieur," I mocked, as I enlarged a hole in his chest, "that



"Six feet seven inches," he announced.

PUCK

lightning does not strike twice in the same place; but, *voilà!*—I ran him through the third time, and he fell crashingly on the tessellated floor.

I pulled the bellcord, but not a servitor responded. I flung open the doors. A hoarse murmur came distantly to my ears.

“*Sacré nom de plume!*” I exclaimed, awed by a feeling of impending disaster.

I turned back for a final look at De Brie. He had raised himself on his elbow, and was regarding me with a last malignant smile. His countenance was contorted with hatred.

Bang! A terrific explosion rocked the chateau. The walls of the rooms fell out, the roof fell in. By a miracle I escaped being crushed by the rain of stone and timber. A hollow groan told me that De Brie had not been so fortunate. It was pitch dark, so I could not locate him. But I shouted:

“De Brie, De Brie, what has happened? Speak, De Brie!”

A rattling laugh answered me.



“A terrific explosion rocked the chateau.”

“The debris speaks for itself,” the carabinier jested in his last moments. “*Fagot has blown up the chateau! Saint Dreyfus!* Half of it is on my chest.”

“Courage!” I cried, and guided by his groans I reached his side.

A lurid glare had replaced the Cimmerian gloom. The ruins of the chateau were in flames.

The unfortunate De Brie was pinned down by an enormous block of stone. This I tossed aside, and hastily examined the bravo’s condition.

Nothing could be done for him, and I so informed him.

“*Merci, Sir Doctor, and search my pockets for your fee,*” he sneered. “*Ventre de petit poix!* I had this coming to me. *Adieu, your Grace!*” With this last fling at my ducal pretensions the bravo fell back—dead.

Now to save myself and the beauteous Isabelle. It was high time. The flames were crackling all about me, and above the roar of them I fancied I heard the exultant laugh of the detestable Fagot.

Next Week, Chapter IX.

“In Which There are Live and Dead Ones.”

WHAT THEY THINK OF THE RESULT.

TELEPHONIC INTERVIEWS WITH INTERESTED THINKERS.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.—Hullo—yes—what do I think of the result? ME?—certainly—Dee—lighted to talk again. The closed season is always a heavy strain to a huntsman. The result? Oh, yes. Well, I’m not surprised. Cortelyou gave me a pretty general idea of what was coming to me. What? . . . What am I going to do now? Well, I think I’ll put on my Major-General’s uniform and play soldier with the boys. Good-bye.

ALTON BROOKS PARKER.—Yes—this is Judge—I mean ex-Judge Parker. The figures? What figures? . . . Oh—the election figures. Yes—yes. They were very pretty, nicely grouped and all that. Were they about what I expected? Well—no. I thought there’d be more of them, and there were n’t as many nines in the totals as I expected. Have I any message for the American people? Why, yes—now’s the time to lay in pumpkins and cranberries. Tell ‘em I said so and that I am irrevocably convinced that such is the fact. Good-bye.

SILAS C. SWALLOW.—My opinion of the result? There has been no result. There won’t be any result until Rum is dethroned and Water flows up the Capitol hill. Did I expect a bigger vote? Of course not. Who do you think you are talking to? I’m Swallow—Silas C. Swallow. S-w-a-l-l-o-w? Yes, that’s it. Swallow. Why should I expect a larger vote? I’m a Prohibitionist. Good-bye. Eh? No, thanks. I’ve had one already. Thanks allee samee.

TOM WATSON.—Hay? Result? What result? Oh, go to thunder! Br-r-r-rr. Central, cut my wire for a week.

CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.—Why, I’m satisfied—of course. I always did like to sit in the Senate; and, after all, as far as I am concerned, the election meant only the question of a title. Senator or Vice-President, I was sure of a front seat where I could hear what others have to say before writing my own speeches. What? Do I think the campaign was a hot one? Not what came my way—seldom rose above 32° Fahrenheit. What? No—it was n’t dandruffine did it. The top of my head grew too fast for the scalp to keep up. Don’t mention it. Good-night.

HENRY GASSAWAY DAVIS.—Who is this? PUCK? Oh, yes—Hullo, PUCK! What do I think of the returns? Well, I’m returned

all right. Steve said I’d be and he was n’t born yesterday any more than I was. Yes, I’m glad it’s over. It was making me feel old. Shall I run again next time? Oh, I don’t know. It will depend somewhat on my leg. It has lasted marvellously this time, but you never can tell. A pulled limb dreads the fryer, you know. So long.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.—I’ll tell you what I think of the result when it has resulted. The Presidency is not a paramount issue this year with Black after my seat in the Senate. Any what? . . . New stories? No. Why should I have any new stories—this is Chauncey Depew you’re talking to, not Sim Ford. Good-bye. Central, give me John D. Rockef—bz-bz-bz-bz—ting-a-ling-a-ling.

GOVERNOR ODELL.—It was not sand—it was rock.

DAVID B. HILL.—I can now retire with a clean conscience. I have put Judge Parker where he belongs, and that is all I have been striving for since the crime of ’76.



A FOUR-HANDED GAME.

A “RUBBER” AT WHIST.

PUCK



AFTER THE SCRIMMAGE AT BLUE HAVEN.

"Was Tommy hurt badly, Jack?"
"I guess not. He has n't complained."
"What does he say?"
"Nothing. He has n't come to yet."

THE CHESAPEAKE CLAMMER.

DAYBREAK en Ah take mah dram,
Wake mah Jim en wake mah Sam;
Eat mah snack ob pone en ham,
Sail mah sloop to dig de clam.
Oh, Marfy Gray,
Sech a life on de Ches'peake Bay!

Sunup en de watah glow,
Stiff win' blowin' off de sho';
Porpoise rollin' in de flow,
Make mah sloop rock to en fro.
Oh, Marfy Gray,
Sech a life on de Ches'peake Bay!

Noonday en de sun so hot
Clam mouf open on de spot;
Crabs got in mah stahn eel-pot,
Stole mah bait en chewed de knot.
Oh, Marfy Gray,
Sech a life on de Ches'peake Bay!

Sundown en de watah ca'm,
Tide so low de ruddah jam;
Dess let dem pole, Jim en Sam,
Ah lay back en take mah dram.
Oh, Marfy Gray,
Sech a life on de Ches'peake Bay!

Victor A. Hermann.

PUCK

THE POOL ROOM RAID DRILL.

(Culled from a future issue of "Busybody's Magazine".)

IT AFFORDS the writer real pleasure to assure such of his readers as are mothers that their sons, while in pool rooms, are as safe from the police as doubtless they would be in the center of the home circle. Fashioned originally after the public school fire-drill, the pool room raid drill has actually surpassed the former in order, discipline and effectiveness. Even Brace Game Bob, who first suggested it, never dreamed, it is said, that such clock-work perfection would result.

As a description of a specimen drill will do more to display its characteristics than all the encomiums that might be pronounced, the writer will endeavor briefly to depict that which was held for his sole benefit, a day or two ago, in one of the busiest pool rooms in town. Purposely, he selected an afternoon when there were all kinds of "good things" on the card and the gamblers, he was certain, would be more than ordinarily preoccupied.

Being shown the stairs by an obliging plain-clothes man on the curb, the writer was graciously received at the top by Honest John Wiretapper, the popular proprietor of the place.

"So you want to see our raid drill, hey?" said Honest John. "Well, it's worth seeing, and I guess we can run one off for you."

With that, he walked to the nearest wall and reaching up, rang three times a large brass gong. Instantly the noise in the outer room ceased, save only the ticker's clicking.

"They're off at Iron Hill," a voice had started to say, but the gong silenced it.

Coolly, but with admirably feigned agitation—of the suppressed sort, that is—Honest John stepped, in his shirt sleeves, to the side of a flat-topped desk and slapped a small bell smartly.

"Monitors, rise!" he cried, after the first slap. "Pass! The monitors are stationed on the fire-escape," he added quietly, by way of explanation. Then came another tap on the bell and—

"Gamblers in line. Office boys first. Come, no crowding. Ticket writers next. Operators and cashier last. Now then, pass out quietly."

As he gave the order to pass, an announcer seated himself at the piano and played without a waver the spirited McAdoo March.

"Great, was n't it?" smiled the proprietor as we followed the last of the line out through the window and on to the roof next door. The whole proceeding, indeed, had occupied just fifty seconds.

When the crowd was back in its place and the dope sheets were once more in use, the writer asked—a parting query—if those in the room were able to distinguish, when the gong sounded, between a mere drill and the real thing in raids. A shadow flitted over Wiretapper's face the instant of this inquiry.

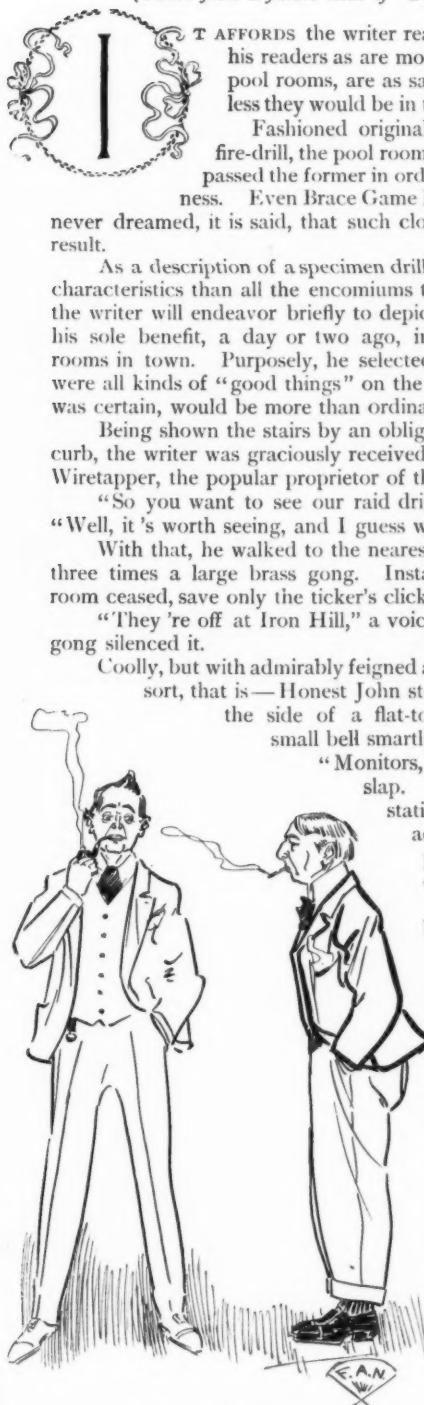
"Well, yes," he admitted, "yes, they can. And that is the one flaw in the whole business."

Meditatively, Honest John twisted his eight carat stud.

"Yes," he repeated, "and you see, it's this way: When it's just a drill, I go through the window last, as you saw me do to-day. When it's the cops, sure enough, then I go first. Can you suggest anything?"

Arthur H. Folwell.

SOME men claim to practice what they preach when they merely preach what they practice.



TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

HAROLD.—My trusted and bosom friend, Jack Armstrong, has cut me out in the affections of Dolly Giddygurl! What do you think of that?

JERROLD.—Why, I think that's the kind of a friend to have, old chap!

between a mere drill and the real thing in raids. A shadow flitted over Wiretapper's face the instant of this inquiry.

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Arthur H. Folwell.



AT LEISURE.

MRS. FARMER.—Have you no trade?

TRAMP.—Lady, I have ten—but dere's a strike on in each.

A NEW PROFESSION.

THE OPENING of the New York School of Philanthropy, we are informed, means virtually the birth of a new profession, and the new degree "P. D." From now on the graduates in scientific philanthropy may be termed professional people. We have professional beggars. Why not professional philanthropists?

Hitherto there have been charitable persons claiming to be professionals, but they were really amateurs; and as for the weak-willed persons who have relieved suffering on the spur of the moment, without investigation and reference to formula, they were the merest bunglers. Once or twice, when the mercury has been exceptionally retiring and the wind uncommonly keen, we have flipped a coin to an absent-minded beggar, and as we watched him h i k e "Towards home—or home-brewed liquor" we have been oppressed by the thought that we had totally neglected the scientific aspect of the shivering wreck's case. Instead of earning the degree "P. D." we had been a mere P. D. Q.

Philanthropy has come to be properly a science. We now calculate the distance of the mendicant planetoids from the central sun of Beneficence, the danger from the "X" rays in a ten-dollar bill if turned on full force or too suddenly, and the perilous results of relaxing the law of gravity and becoming cheerful givers.

Be a P. D. Don't be a P. D. Q.

HIS MISAPPREHENSION.

"**B**ED-HANGINGS are in fashion again," read a citizen of Arkansas, who was laboriously conning the "patent side" of the village newspaper. "Bed-hangin's!—well, I'll be dad-dogged! It's a blamed lazy cuss that won't git out o' bed to be hung!"



FASHION'S FOLLIES.

As he and she passed on the way
The self-same thought in each mind lay:
What foolish hats folks wear to-day.

She thought of his'n and he of her'n
And each was right as I discern.

Geo. W. Me.



PUCK: "CONGRATULATIONS, MR. PRESID



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

R. ~~P~~RESIDENT; THEY WANTED YOU."

PUCK

THE ADVENTURE OF THE GUSTY NIGHT.

(A *Sherlock Holmes* Tale with *Sherlock* left out.)



IT WAS a gusty night in April shortly after my marriage, and my wife being away on a visit to her half-sister, I was seated alone before my office fire. I had dropped my novel from sheer weariness—its puny plot made me tired after all the plottings I had seen with Holmes—and my mind was about made up to go to bed, when there came a sharp ring at the door bell.

"It can't be a patient," thought I; "I have not had one of those for six months. Perhaps it is Holmes. I will wait and see."

Once more settling in my chair, I heard a step on the threshold and turning my head, I beheld—not Holmes, but Lestrade, the Scotland Yard detective.

"Good-evening, Dr. Watson," said he. "I am sorry to drop in on you at such an hour—"

"Not a word, Lestrade," I interrupted. "You are quite welcome at any time. Take the basket chair. You'll find the tobacco in the coal scuttle"—pushing it toward him—"and the brandy flask in the clock."

Long association with Holmes had made me very much like him in little household habits.

"And now, Lestrade," I continued, when he had helped himself to tobacco and drink, "what is it I can do for you?"

For a moment Lestrade hesitated. Then, summoning his voice, he spoke.

"Well, the fact is, Doctor," he began, "I've been coming to see you for a long time. I've got a little bone to pick with you, Dr. Watson, and there's no sense in waiting any longer before getting down to it. Do you know, Dr. Watson, that if it was n't for you I'd be the most celebrated sleuth in Scotland Yard, or any yard, for the matter of that?"

"You surprise me, Lestrade," I replied, completely taken aback by the man's speech. "In what way have I hampered you?"

"In what way?" he repeated, bristling. "Why, by spreading before the public in the most bare-faced manner all the little understandings that Mr. Holmes and I have between us."

"What! Do you accuse me of—"

"Wait a bit, my dear Doctor, and you'll see. Take the case of The Six Apple Cores, for instance. After I had failed and Mr. Holmes had succeeded; after he had fitted the cores to the skins and traced the apples to Pitt, the fruiterer, on Tottenham Court Road, what did Mr. Holmes say?

Answer me that, Dr. Watson? What did Mr. Holmes say?"

"I think he yawned, Lestrade," I said, with a smile, "and added, if I remember rightly, how dreadfully commonplace crime was becoming."

"Yes, he did say that, true enough," admitted my visitor; "but he said something else besides, and to me. He was willing, and said so, that I should have the credit for the arrest. 'And you don't want your name to appear,' said I. 'Not at all,' said he; 'the work is its own reward.' Next thing I know, Dr. Watson, I see on the news' stalls 'The Adventure of the Six Apple Cores,' and, pouf! I find myself an imbecile! A fool! The laughing-stock of Scotland Yard! Why, my word, it was only to-day that the chief inspector took me on one side and said, 'Lestrade, we're thinking of making you a doorman.' I won't stand it, Dr. Watson!"

I was about to speak when Lestrade renewed his protests.

"And that ain't the only time, either, Dr. Watson. It was the same in the case of the Three-Legged Toad-stool; and in the strange business of the Doorless Dog Kennel; and in the mysterious affair of the Yellow First Mate and the Four Cracked



BB

EXPLAINED.

THE PUP.—Father, what is meant by, "All is well that ends well?"

THE DOG.—It means that you are in good health when your nose is cold and your tail wags.

Eggs. All was right enough until your stuff came out; then 't was, "Ullo, 'ere he comes, gents; London's prize bobby," everywhere I went.

"Well, Lestrade," said I, as the detective paused for breath, "what do you want me to do about it?"

"Do about it, Dr. Watson," he returned. "Well, I'll be all fair and reasonable. All I want you to do is to write one Holmes story with Holmes out and Lestrade in—and nothing but Lestrade—thick, all through it. Just think of my reputation, Doc! A doorman! Me!!"

And so, just to oblige him, I wrote this story, for I always did like Lestrade.

A. H. F.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

THE JUDGE.—You plead guilty, then, of running your automobile at a speed of fifty miles an hour and incidentally running down and severely injuring an old man?

THE PRISONER (meekly).—I do, Your Honor.

THE JUDGE.—I sentence you to thirty days in jail!

THE PRISONER.—But, Your Honor, I own the car—I'm not a chauffeur!

THE JUDGE.—Humph! Why did n't you say so before? Pay five dollars and git out!

BAPTISM.

UP in the mountains we came on an old preacher exhorting the people to go down into the valley and be baptized.

We wondered some.

Why in the valley, rather than here?

"The watuh up yere," the old man politely explained to us, after the meeting, "is mos' powe'ful mighty hahd, an' watuh 't won't wash the duht outen a man's shuht I haint gwine take no chance of hit washin' the sin outen his soul."



MR. HOPKINS IN TOWN.

"What's that ye say? Dinner a dollar an' a half?"

"Oui, M'sieur."

"No, consarn ye—not for we—just one. The bag ain't eatin' this trip. How much for me alone?"



READY WIT.

MR. WOLF.—Ha-ha! Playing hookey, eh, Master Bunny?

MASTER BUNNY.—Nun-no indeed, gug-good Mister Wolf. I am pup-playing rabbit. Me and my sister are lul-lions in disguise.

A HOPELESS HOST.



"YOU rise to the occasion?"

Mrs. Dimpleton regarded her husband with much anxiety in her face.

"If I give this dinner party," she observed, "I shall invite to it Mrs. Penrose, whose social approbation I desire. May I count on you to represent the amenities?"

"You mean," said Dimpleton, "may you count on me to make a thorough hypocrite of myself, pleasant to a lot of la-da-da men, to take up the right fork at the right time, to lie when I tell Mrs. Penrose for instance that it's the proudest moment of my life to have her here—and so forth and so on."

Mrs. Dimpleton sighed.

"My dear," she said, "you are not a society man. You were not cut out for one. But that's what I mean. Can't you do it for one evening?"

Dimpleton turned.

"No, I won't do it for one evening to please Mrs. Penrose or anyone else. I'll be myself. I'll act as I always do, and if Mrs. Penrose does n't like it, why she can do the other thing."

Dimpleton felt a growing resentment of Mrs. Penrose stealing over him.

"I suppose," he continued, "she's the real thing, is n't she? Schooled in the proprieties and the leader of her set?"

"Oh, yes. Why, to be snubbed by her would be awful. It would be a death-blow. If she comes *at all*, it will be a great honor."

She buried her face in her hands.

"I can't give that dinner party," she sighed, "I would n't dare. I know you would say something to offend her."

Dimpleton's face grew more kindly. The sight of his suffering wife was too much for him.

"Nonsense!" he cried. "Go ahead and give your dinner party. I'll take back what I said. I'll try to be real conventional."

It happened, however, that with all of Dimpleton's good intentions, on the night of the party, just as he was about to go home, he was met by a friend, and it must be confessed that the two highballs he imbibed at that hour were just enough to make him forget his resolution.

Mrs. Dimpleton did not see him until he came down in his evening clothes, just as their guests were beginning to arrive.

All she could do was to give him a warning look as Mrs. Penrose entered the room. It was, however, entirely lost upon Dimpleton.

He shook that lady's hand cordially.

"I'm awful glad to meet you," he said.

At this moment the cocktails were being passed around.

"My dear," he continued critically, as he held up his glass, "who made these? They look thin and weak. Now don't you think so?" he said to Mrs. Penrose.

That lady smiled.

"Color is not always a sign of strength," she replied.

"Well," said Dimpleton, to the horror of his wife, "let's you and I see if we can't get something better. I'll mix you one myself."

He offered Mrs. Penrose his arm, which that lady took somewhat curiously.

"Come!" he said, "out in the butler's pantry. I'll initiate you.

Never mind my wife. She does n't know what it is to have a good time, anyway."

It seemed to Mrs. Dimpleton that from that moment, all during the progress of the dinner, her husband was as scandalous as he could well be. He insisted upon taking Mrs. Penrose in. He told her terrible stories. He filled her glass with wine himself. He trampled on every known conventionality. What agony she suffered

no one but a wife and a woman could possibly know.

But at last the moment came when the end was rapidly drawing near. With sinking heart she watched the signs of departure on the part of Mrs. Penrose—who for some unaccountable reason stayed later than the rest.

She felt that that lady would surely signify her note of disapproval. Could she bear it?

Dimpleton came up with her.

"I've tried my best to get Mrs. Penrose to stay longer," he said.

Mrs. Penrose held out her hand.

"There's a limit to all things," she said.

Then she smiled largely and benignly on her hostess.

"Your husband," she said, "is altogether the most natural and charming man I have met for a long time. Promise me that you will both call soon."

Tom Masson.

JUST SO.

"YOU—" with a rising inflection, began the possessor of a prying mind.

"My name," was the careless reply, "is Laziness."

"Indeed? Why, I was given to understand that it was Illness—!"

"Oh, that is merely the *nom de plume* I use when I write patent medicine testimonials."



AN ILLOGICAL SITUATION.

The housewife hesitated.

"Really," she said, "there is no reason why I should have a maid."

Now the young woman, as it chanced, had been an actress until the greed of gain impelled her to take up domestic science, and the traditions of the stage were strong upon her.

"Oh, I assure you I don't object to an illogical situation in the least," she protested, graciously.

MEMORANDUM for sight-seers: Drink one quart of Russian champagne and see the Japanese fleet lined up for action.

DELIRIUM TREMENS is going out as a disease and Russianadmiralitis is to take its place. The symptoms and causes remain the same.

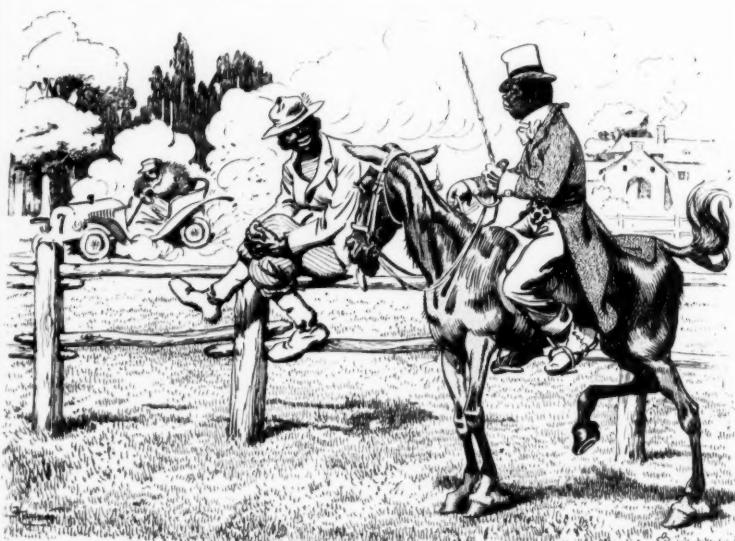
A SOCIETY reporter says, "Mrs. Astor will entertain a small party at dinner to-night." Good news, but why in thunder don't you give us the small party's name? He is entitled to the notoriety.

WILSON WHISKEY THAT'S ALL!

THE SUBWAY is open at last and there isn't a mole left in town.

HOW MUCH has the Sugar Trust contributed to Mr. Cortelyou?—*New York World*. Ask Cord Meyer.—*Evening Sun*. Thought it was Havemeyer. We always did get those Meyers mixed.

WHAT A FUSS over the one real triumph of the Russian Navy. They whipped the fishing fleet and sailed away and the whole world is filled with headlines and remonstrance. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, let the Russians have credit for a little prowess.



A FRIENDLY OPINION.

JIM PERSIMMONS.—I reckon dat's a ten horse power automobile!

PETE POSSUM.—Wot—you reckon dat machine's got ten times as much power as dis horse o' mine?

JIM PERSIMMONS.—No—twenty times as much—dat looks like a one-half horse power horse dat yo' got dar!

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good health—synonymous with Abbott's Angostura
Bitters, intelligently used. Test it.

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Copy of the Analysis made by the United States Senate Committee on Pure Food Manufactures and published in their official Report sent on request.

C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

UTAH WAS naturally a Roosevelt State. There is n't any race suicide at Salt Lake City.

ONE THING of value has been demonstrated by this somnolent campaign. That is the value of the statistics of Edward Atkinson the inventor. He has been on our side, and that accounts for much.

SURBRUG'S Arcadia MIXTURE.

"One need only to put his head in at my door to realize that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others."

My Lady Nicotine.

AN AMERICAN has just been buncoed in Paris. It is curious how we forget home ways when we are abroad.

THAT good old family paper the *New York Tribune* in its society news says that "Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Blank are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son." Mr. Blank, the *Tribune* adds, was *Miss Florence Soandso*. Our esteemed contemporary should go on and tell us which of the two parents was the mother of the boy.

Bunner's Short Stories

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

MADE IN FRANCE

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N. P. & S. Bulletin*.

MORE SHORT SIXES

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—*Boston Times*.

THE SUBURBAN SAGE

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—*Boston Times*.

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PUCKERINGS.

BOSTON is horribly nervous again. There is no telling when the Baltic fleet will open fire.

IT IS Mr. Carnegie's opinion that the Russians will win. Probably they buy their boiler plate of Andrew.

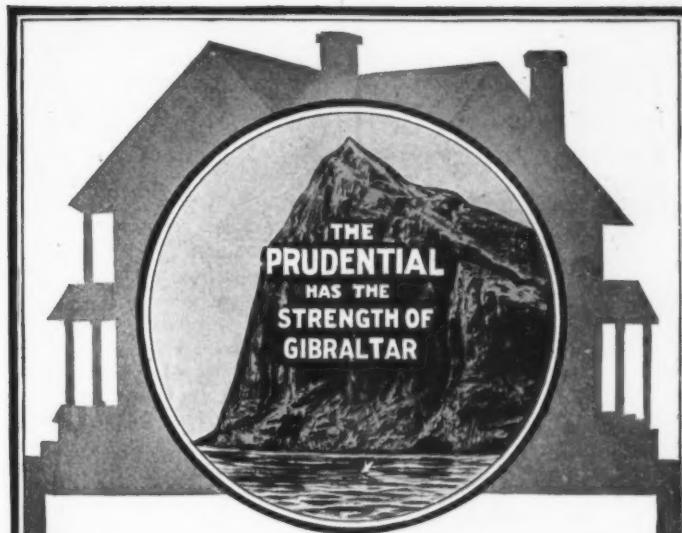
WELL, why not? Wasn't the Baltic Fleet a little more than half seas over? Their guns were half shot to begin with, so why not Admiral Ryviski?

TWO PLUMBERS were shocked by a third rail in the subway the other night. Bully for the third rail. It's good to hear of something that will shock a plumber.

WE WONDER if the people of the United States would become wildly excited if the Baltic fleet fired upon Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's fishing smack, the Corsair. We have our doubts.

JOHN MORLEY and Henry James are with us with their note books to study American Institutions. Here's hoping they won't miss Harry Lehr and his Newport outfit. They deserve to be made immortal.

A SPORTING contemporary says that a certain rich young man who is said to be paying \$70,000 for a bed three inches too short for him, is going in for breeding. Good! We are always glad when our rich young men go in for breeding. It is what most of them lack.



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and Insure its Contents.
You Value Your Life, too—
Then why don't You Insure
it? Its Loss Would be Far
Greater to Your Family.

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EDWARD PURCHAS, Mgr.



FARMER WHIFFLETREE.—Bill Perkins' son Dan has got a political job.
FARMER MEDDERS.—Gosh! I allers said that feller'd grow up ter be a loafer!



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The most popular varieties of the Club Cocktails are the Martini and Manhattan, the former having a gin and the latter a whisky base.

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The International Jury of Award, Louisiana Purchase Exposition, composed of connoisseurs from every section of the civilized world, awarded the Grand Prize to the American Wine Co., St. Louis, on Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne, for best Champagne, Purity, Quality and Bouquet.



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Write to makers for catalog, presses, type
paper, &c. THE PRESS CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

SOME SIBERIAN RAILWAY NEWS.

(CULLED FROM THE IRKUTSK DAILY SUNOVITCH).

THE WAR has had one noticeable effect upon the local freight service. Goods and Nihilists, that in time of peace were rushed through from Russia in nineteen days and some hours, now never get here at all. This state of affairs has led inevitably to renewed talk of the trolley line between Irkutsk and the Baltic. A public meeting to discuss the matter will be held to-morrow evening at Cooperoff's Union.

The One Track News, published by Siberia's Greatest Railway, has announced a number of very attractive tours for the winter season. The Tour to Tokio has been postponed till a later date, but a trip equally enjoyable may readily be selected from the following list: Tour to the Uttermost Parts of the Earth, Kuropatkin, Conductor, including *en route* Franz Joseph Land, Patagonia and Selkirk's Island. Tour of the World's Greatest Tenderloins, Grand Duke Boris, Conductor, with liberal stop-over privileges. Cruise in the North Sea, English Channel and adjacent waters, Admiral Rojestrensky, Conductor; something doing daily; ticket covers all expenses, including vodka. Tour to St. Petersburg, Moscow and Odessa direct; no return tickets; splendid opportunity for those at the front to see the cities mentioned. Booklet describing these and other tours, itineraries, etc., will be sent on receipt of a two kopec stamp. Address George H. Danovitch, General Passenger Agent, Irkutsk.

Alexieff Plodovski, trackwalker on the Lamsdorf Park section of the Trans-Siberian system, has been highly commended at headquarters for his presence of mind. While tramping his post recently, Plodovski perceived some heavy timbers on the track ahead of him. Realizing the necessity for prompt action, he consulted his pocket-calendar, with one of which every track walker is provided and saw with a start that it was Tuesday, the 21st.

"Ivan, the Terrible!" he ejaculated, and his heart for a moment stopped beating, "what is to be done? The Morning Calm Flyer is due here in two days. There is not twelve hours to be lost!"

Making his way to Lamsdorf Park, he returned next day with the station porter, Petroff Jackson, and a crowbar. Fifteen minutes' vigorous effort, time out for lunch, was sufficient to clear the way of all obstructions, but not a jot too soon, for the next evening at 8 o'clock, with a terrifying rush and roar, the Limited dashed by, its passengers blissfully ignorant of the danger so narrowly averted.

PHILADELPHIA is clamoring for a new system of heating street cars. Philadelphia is tired of the Brooklyn, or absent treatment, system.



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For Sale: Puck's Originals

IN RESPONSE to the many requests for original drawings of pictures that have appeared in PUCK, the Publishers are now selling them to persons wishing them to use for decorative purposes. These drawings by PUCK'S artists are in various methods,—pen-and-ink, "wash," crayon, pencil, etc. The original drawing is from three to four times as large as the printed reproduction. PUCK has

A Large Selection

of these drawings by his staff artists framed and
On Exhibition

in his own art gallery, Puck Building, Houston and Elm Streets, where you are cordially invited to inspect them at any time. The prices will vary.

PUCK WILL GLADLY QUOTE PRICES

on any drawings you may select. Refer us to them by giving page and number of PUCK in which they appeared. Prices include express charges to destination. This is an opportunity which many of the admirers of PUCK'S artists have long sought.





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QUALITY AND PURITY MAKE IT THE FAVORITE CHAMPAGNE



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RIOT IN THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION.

A GREAT crowd battered at the "Information Bureau" in the Grand Central Station. A new train schedule on the New Haven road had gone into effect, and as usual there were no time-tables for the public.

Suddenly arose a mighty roar. A stout man had seized the company's one time-table, and was "running around the end." Two of the Grand Central's tackles downed him on the five-yard line. In the struggle the time-table was torn to pieces.

A riot broke out, but it was quelled by a man with a megaphone, who announced that, if business warranted the outlay, President Mellen would print another copy of the time-table.

The mob then slowly dispersed.

*

IF ADMIRAL ROJESTVENSKY suffered from "strain on his nerves" in the North Sea, will some nerve expert figure out what the strain would be in the Yellow Sea.



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W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom. Look for it—take no substitute. Sold by shoe dealers everywhere.

SUPERIOR IN FIT, COMFORT AND WEAR.

"I have worn W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes for the last twelve years with absolute satisfaction. I find them superior in fit, comfort and wear to others costing from \$5.00 to \$7.00." —B. S. McCUE, Dept. Coll., U. S. Int. Revenue, Richmond, Va.

W. L. Douglas uses Corona Coltskin in his \$3.50 shoes. Corona Colt is conceded to be the finest Patent Leather made. Fast Color Eyelets used exclusively.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Massachusetts.

KUROPATKIN's salary is said to be \$100,000. Who would n't "retire" on such a salary?

THE WAR, says Count Cassini, must go on to the end. Most things that go on do. Wars are not peculiar.

CHEMIST WILEY was right about the iniquitous quality of the nation's whiskey. A blue-tailed lizard has been found in Colorado.



MAKING HIS MARK.

PA LION.—Does Leo's letter say how he's getting along at college?

MA LION.—Yes, he's doing finely. He says we should just hear him roar through one of those megaphones.

A trial of two generations and more has been the test that proves Abbott's Angostura Bitters to be the best tonic for family use.

Ball-Pointed Pens

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch or spurt.

Made in England of the finest Sheffield rolled steel. BALL-POINTED Pens are more durable, and are ahead of all others.

FOR EASY WRITING.

Buy an assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., and choose a pen to suit your hand. Having found one, stick to it!

POST FREE FROM

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William Street, New York,
or any Stationery Store.

WELL, now that it is all over what in Sam Hill was the issue?

*

SENATOR DEPEW inquires: "Does humor help a career?" It is rather late for Chauncey to make the experiment, even if the reply should be in the affirmative.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

THE INFERENCE is that Mr. Carnegie prayed for the wrong ticket. It was a dead waste of material.

PENDING the perfection of the subway system, the general manager asks patrons to suspend judgment. Straps free.

ON EMERGENCY the British lion "will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; he will roar you an 'twere any nightingale."

THE CLERGY inform us that profanity is on the increase. Some of the remarks made late last night go far to confirm the statement.

UNCLE SAM, reports the Census Bureau, has 271,169 persons working for him. Space might be saved by omitting the preposition "for."

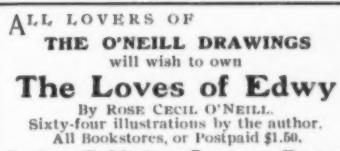


YOUR CHOICE FOR \$25.00 AT \$2.50 MONTHLY

Either of these beautiful, genuine Diamond pieces may be paid in eight monthly payments of \$2.50 each. You may send the \$25 direct, or, if you prefer, we will send your selection for examination before any money is paid. Our Christmas Catalogue shows the finest and largest line of Diamonds, and all kinds of jewelry offered in this country. Don't cramp yourself for Christmas money—use the Loftis System. With \$5 or \$10 for a first payment, you can give your friend, relative, or loved one, a beautiful Diamond or Watch, and pay the balance in a series of small monthly payments that you will hardly feel. Sign and execute a quick application, and get your Diamond and full price allowed in exchange at anything. Get our new Christmas Catalogue now and make your Christmas selection early. Don't wait until the rush comes. WRITE TODAY.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. (Ed. 1858.)
Dept. M. 99 to 98 State St., Chicago, Ill.

A PHILADELPHIA paper wants to know whether it is necessary to spend \$5,000 a year on clothes. A glance at PUCK's wardrobe will show that he gets along on much less.



NONE of the Subway Engineers has been arrested yet for exceeding the speed limit.

GENERAL KUROPATKIN points with pride to the fact that he is not responsible for the North Sea affair.

THE London Saturday Review asks if the Czar will hold on. That all depends upon what he tries to hold on to. If Marshall Oyama can cure his grip he won't.

A PITTSBURGH dispatch announces that if young Harry Thaw does n't give up his chorus girl it will cost him \$77,500 a year in reduction of income. The President of the Chorus Girls' Union informs our reporter that the figures mentioned are not unusual. Chorus girls come high, but we must have 'em—that is, some of us must.

PUCK



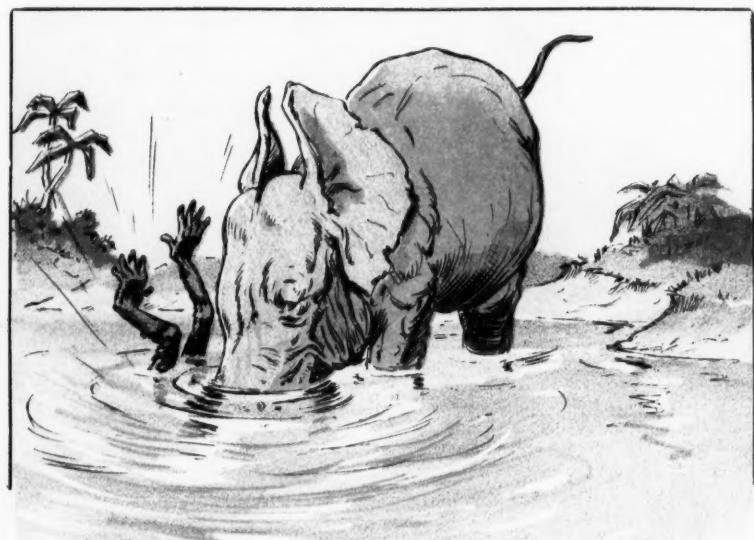
I.



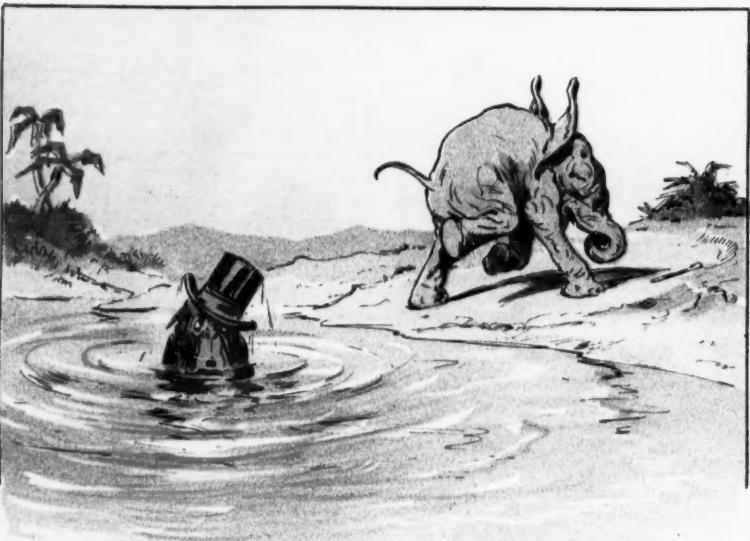
II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.

JUMBO'S REVENGE.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.